

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Carnival Of Souls"

(feat. Demoz)

[Vinnie Paz:]

I'm an ape in the cage, getting more amazing with age
AK's and Grenades, matter of fact I slay them with blades
They blantly gays, faggots in berets at parades
And see, my team is unbeatable, the stadium staged
I'm basically crazed, walk in circles, pacing for days
I'm basically dazed, and lost inside a satanist maze
You face the brigade, I hate you and I pray you get AIDS
I go hard on hard beats, y'all to lazy to shave
Too lazy to bathe, and so y'all hate on the God
I'm sick of y'all eating off the same plate as the God
Y'all could never build or conversate with the God
You shooting guns off, I would bomb a nation for God
(I'm a suicide bomber) Y'all don't want no confrontation with God
Y'all are swine eaters, that's abomination to God
(Al hum'du Allah) So put some faith into God
The objective is to finally conquer fucking Satan with God

[Demoz:]

I think we got a problem, take me out this fucking column
See all these phony actors, I don't like these phony rappers
Fuck all the story telling, I don't like these story fables
You niggas sound like cable, fuck you and your fucking label

I think we got a problem, Vinnie Paz a fucking problem
Maserati, I'm a problem, Jus Allah's a fucking problem
Criticism from critics but we don't fucking care
All we hear is the drum beat and the fucking snare

All I got is too much hate, not enough love
Too many plates, not enough grub
Too many snakes in the grass
I gotta kill one, cause the gun ain't got enough slugs
Body under the belt, not enough blood
Shotty under the shelf, not enough thugs
You're a bitch you ain't gonna do shit, suck a dick
Cause I been had your bitch in the lobby on drugs
I ain't no plug, I ain't no snitch
I ain't no blood, I ain't no crip
Motherfucking hood, where I be, everyday
You don't like me?
Come see me nigga, I ain't no bitch
Far from the last man damn man
You could be the man what they said
So I focused on the damn plan
Face straight like I just did a handstand

Used to be shy now I'm focused like a head cam
Demoz, say hello to the sandman
Gun pop, good god where your man layin'
See that bitch right there with the damn tan
Couple shots put the bitch in the damn van
Take her home put her in the zone
Dick like an L, she gonna put it to the dome
Wack DVDs all these niggas in the streets
Showing niggas where they live and their fridge and their chrome
Nigga please
Do you really think I'm dumb enough to show a motherfucking nigga where I live at
Jeopardize where my wife and my kids at
Come home find my young boy kidnapped
Nigga hit that L that you hit, because you motherfuckin crazy if you think I will
Pistol Gang to the day I hang
Or I see my death, I'm gonna keep it real

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[Jus Allah:]

You should make peace before we pull the peace-makers
I don't want the streets waking up the sleeping neighbours
I don't want police pacing up the streets later
But the killing has me feeling like a teenager
Sign your soul over, here's a blank piece of paper
I'll fill in the details, you can read it later
We should keep in contact, I may need a favour
It's not breach in contract, no release, and waivers
It's slavery and cheap labour is a decent bargain
It's monopoly, I'm landing on free parking
It's blood out here, gotta keep my teeth sharpened
Gotta keep cream, gotta keep a green garden
You doing everything you can just to keep from starving
I'm Rastafarian and partying, usually with more than one darling
It's disheartening, bitches know I ain't Romeo or Prince Charming